

Later, in the basement
he duels a mammoth spider. Slays it
in the heroic manner
with a sewing needle.

Then thru the grating. And
into the garden.

He literally drops out of sight.

JUNKMAN DREAM

I befriended the junkman
after some hesitation
he let me into the yard.

Dogs snarled
from behind rusted out coupes
& the ruins of odd luxury estate cars.

I was prepared to take
a dozen Packards
10 or 20 Lincolns
a few ratty Fords
a debauched Cadillac or two
but someone had beat me to it.
The hillside was almost empty:
sold out in lots, driven off, towed away.

POPULAR SCIENCE

All night I dream about
the genius of the masses, a
landscape that passively accepts
speeding streamlined trains.

Each decade displays
its own subtle declension of style.
I am entranced, childlike
in a technological wonderland.

The brilliant and pedestrian possibilities
tickle the mind:
What if Einstein were a poet
and all the Nazis Dadas?